

Double Trouble

by Sheryl Nantus

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Summary: What happens when people get Drunk... and yes, that's with a Capital D...

Double Trouble

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Double Troubleby Sheryl Martin

Fox Mulder and Walter Skinner stood at the front of the bar, staring at each other, then at the bartender. He raised his hands helplessly in their air.

“Look, I had to call you two. They came in for lunch and haven’t left -- been five hours now and I’m just worried about them getting home. Two women like that...” He shrugged. “You know... Good luck.” A riotous laugh came from the booth at the far end of the bar.

St. George hushed Scully as the two men approached; trying to keep a straight face as she sipped her beer. They stopped in front of the pair.

“Look, Dana... G-Men.” She put her head down on the table, shaking with laughter. Dana pulled her feet up on the seat beside her, giggling uncontrollably.

“Agent Scully, you were supposed to be back from lunch hours ago.” Skinner’s stern tone carried across the dozen empty beer glasses.

Jackie shook her finger at Dana disapprovingly. “Oohh... you’re in trouble now.” She laughed. “Maybe they’ll arrest you. Maybe they’ll arrest me.”

“Put us in cuffs?” Dana looked at Fox as the two women dissolved into waves of laughter. Mulder avoided Skinner’s questioning look, biting his lip to keep a straight face. Staring at the pair, Skinner turned to look at Mulder with a deep sigh.

“What do you want to do with them?”

Jackie burst out laughing, pounding her hands on the table while Dana choked on a mouthful of beer. Mulder couldn’t help smiling as he watched Skinner turn a shade of red.

“I mean, what do you think would be best...”

The women roared, leaning against each other for support. He rubbed his chin. “Mulder, say something...”

“Who gets who?” Amid the renewed hysteria, Fox looked at Dana, shaking his head. Jackie chortled into her thick Irish sweater, looking at Walter.

“You take Scully; I’ll take St. George.” Dragging the protesting women to their feet, they headed for the door.

“Whose apartment is closer?” Skinner asked, half carrying St. George. Mulder shrugged.

“Scully’s, I guess.” He felt her go limp against his chest, mumbling as she snapped her head up. Wrapping his arms around her, he smiled as she relaxed in his grip. She rubbed against his shirt, giggling as she tried to focus in on the pattern on his tie. Next to him, Walter had his hands full keeping ahold of Jackie, who was chuckling as she tried to break free of his grasp. He finally ended up putting his arms around her in a bear hug, physically carrying her to the car as she laughed.

“I’m not even going to try to get her back to her apartment like this.” Skinner gently rolled her into the back seat, watching as Mulder pushed Scully in beside her. Getting in the front seat, they listened to the screams of laughter as they drove to Scully’s apartment.

Mulder swung the door open, carrying Scully in his arms. She had almost been able to walk; except for that sudden step thing... Walking through to the bedroom, he gently sat her on the bed, tugging at the blazer.

“Off, Scully.” She protested feebly, letting him take the jacket off. Throwing it on the chair, he pushed her back onto the pillows. “Lie down. Less distance to fall.” He saw Skinner in the hallway.

“Bring her down here too. No use putting her on the couch -- she’ll fall off in this state.” Skinner watched as St. George curled up around a pillow, her white woolly sweater warm and comforting.

“Walter...” She whispered.

“Hmm?” He knelt down beside her, his hand brushing the loose hair

from her face.

“Can I go Home...” A tear ran down her face from her closed eyes.

“No, not yet.” Leaning forward, he lightly kissed her forehead.
“Soon...”

She reached up, running a finger down his face. “Someday I’ll take you to a Blue Jays home opener...”

He smiled, resting his hand on her face. “Go to sleep, Jackie. Go to sleep and don’t dream...” She nodded, relaxing under his touch.

Fox stared at Dana, a sly smile on his face. “You are going to be so sorry in the morning...”

“Don’t be nasty.” She mumbled. “You are such a pain in the neck...” Licking her lips, she closed her eyes. “Just rub my back a bit...” Rolling over onto her stomach, she wrapped her hands around the pillow. He chuckled, sitting beside her as he ran his hands slowly over the white blouse. A few seconds later he saw her drift off into a deep sleep. He looked over, seeing Skinner nod at him. Quietly they left the room.

“Want a beer?” Mulder went into the kitchen. Skinner sat in the chair, looking around the apartment.

“Sure.” He shook his head. “What a combination.”

“Hey, you only see them together once in a while. I get it more often.” He grinned, searching through the refrigerator for the six-pack he had left there last week.

“She’s quite a handful.” Walter commented.

“She sure is.” They suddenly looked at each other, unsure who was talking about whom. Mulder shrugged.

“Women.” He passed the bottle to Skinner, raising his own in a toast.

“Women.” Skinner reached for the remote control. “Magic plays the Knicks tonight. Going to be a slaughter...”

“For the Knicks, you mean.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me.” Walter looked over his glasses.
“You can’t be serious...”

Dana leaned against the doorway, shielding her eyes from the bright sunlight coming into the living room. Jackie staggered up beside her, holding her head.

They stared at Skinner, head thrown back, snoring lightly in the chair. Mulder murmured to himself, stretched out on the sofa. The television static filled the room, attacking their ears.

St. George looked at her, bleary-eyed and woozy.

“Are we in some sort of trouble?”

Dana swallowed. “I’m not sure...”

“Well, at least you don’t have to call in to work...” She grinned. “I’m going back to bed. You wake them up.”

“Me?” Dana shook her head, wincing at the pain. “I’m not waking them up...”

St. George grinned. “Well, if you don’t wake them up, and I don’t wake them up...” Skinner stirred, licking his lips. “Time for a strategic retreat... I’ll climb out the bedroom window.” Looking at Mulder turn over, Scully nodded.

“I think I’ll join you -- you can give me political asylum, right?”

End
file.